A Typical Sordid Night Out

We go out and often. Most times we're heading to various gigs and shows and art gallery openings, more often then not we're drinking as well. That's what we do. For this article we're mostly talking about going to see some musical act/s or gig/s.

After planning the night ahead, generally during the days leading up to it[1], we purchase some kind of alcohol to drink before heading out. The idea is to save money on a night out. We tend to go hard and cheap.

So after consuming a 700ml bottle of spirits, or half a case of beer each, we're ready for public transport. We used to drink sometimes while travelling on public transport, but it's kind of too much trouble and risk (getting caught on trains now has a heftier fine for us living in NSW Australia). Also losers tend to do it; we like to think we're above them.

Eventually we get to whatever destination we've aimed for[2]. Generally there'll be a place nearby that has cheaper drinks; so after checking how far behind the event is running, we head to that place and keep our level of sobriety at bay. However if the venue does have fairly good prices or the event is running close to on time, then we'd be idiots to leave, right?

Most gigs have a series of support acts. We enjoy seeing them, sure they may not be deemed appropriate for the main act, but it's a good way to see what people are doing, even if they might be really bad. We love being able to boast to people that we were there at a show which cost us less than $10[3] and saw the band in their early career, as opposed to seeing them on their reformation tour, that costs over $80 and is full of people you don't want near you. They could be fans, or they could be there because "you might never see them again" or "they're meant to be good", either way most people at those shows are fucking annoying and fickle.

It seems that in Sydney, Australia, the general public loathes support acts. They'll tend to stand at the back of a room or go somewhere else. We prefer that people do the latter as opposed to the former. Standing at the back of the room and taunting a group (or staying completely silent for that matter) has to be far worse than not being there at all.

Most other people seem only able to politely clap when they are told to. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, until you hear them raving about how good they were after the show. We've asked them why they didn't dance or anything that could have shown any appreciation. You can imagine the look and answer we tend to get.

Violently bursting into the toilet, we'll throw up. It'll be a horrible mess of falafel and mixed drinks. Then it's back to buy the next round. We might end back up there again, but usually one chuck a night is all that's needed. The rest can be saved for morning.

The acts will close and we'll attempt swaggering home.

One time, we were walking and two ladies inquired if we were at the same concert as them. This proceeded onto some jovial chatter that involved heavy flirting. Another in the group insisted on getting water from a nearby shop. We insisted that the ladies "fuck off". Damn.

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[1] Some of our friends have a really hard time replying to things or giving straight answers about anything. Others insist on saying odd things like "only if it's good".

[2] No journey into the city of Sydney has begun until we've hit up a little restaurant called Fatimas for a falafel roll and some vegetable lady fingers.

[3] Or free. We like those special venues.